



Murders, Murders, Everywhere

mystery

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Chapter 1 by Reagan Henderson

I sat on my couch, watching yet another episode of Big Bang Theory. It was like I was addicted to it, yet I hated it, but addicted to it. I heard the doorbell ring and my dog, Choco, barked at the sound of the doorbell ringing. I stood up, wondering who was at the door. It couldn't be one of my friends, they had all either moved or stopped talking and hanging out with me, and it couldn't be my mom either, she was at work and didn't get home until 7:00 in the afternoon, and it was only 10:00 in the morning. I walked to door, the doorbell kept on ringing, like it was almost taunting me to come to the door and open it. I shushed Choco and walked to the door, every step taunting me more and more. When I got to the door, the doorbell stopped ringing. It was like everything had stopped, even when Choco kept on barking when I told him to shush. But Choco had also completely stopped barking. The Tv sound of when I turned it down a bit was the only sound in the house. Before opening the door, I breathed a little bit, and grabbed the baseball bat I kept near the door just in case. I braced myself to open the door. I opened it. A man stood there, straight and tall, looking as though he was going to either take me away to some mental hospital or an insane asylum. But I was only mentally ill, I took my meds every day, what could the problem be?

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phone and the cord. The man stepped inside and closed the door behind him. Here, take it. I gave the phone and cord to him. He stretched the cord out long and wrapped it in a circle. He went behind and before I knew it, these were the words he said. Go to sleep, my darling. And everything went pitch black.

Chapter 2 by Dan_K



I woke up in a helicopter.

The man was flying it.

The helicopter wasn't moving anywhere, just stationary in the air.

I was strapped in duck tape to the co-pilot's seat in the helicopter. My mouth wasn't covered though.

So I said the first thing I could think of to the man.

"Why?"

The man looked to the side of him. He was sitting in the pilot's seat. A smile, like none I had ever seen before, took to his face. He smirked.

He took out a pocketknife.

And cut me out of the duck tape.

Then he said:

"Goodbye!" In the same deep voice as before.

He stepped over me and opened the door on my side. A cold wind quickly took to us. He jumped into the city beneath.

This was the first time I had looked around outside of the helicopter. I instantly recognized New York City just a few hundred feet below. I just fallen to his most certain death.

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This was also the first time I had turned around and looked behind me. Inside was \$500 million worth of gold, lying unprotected.

That was when I realized.....

The man had framed me.

The police helicopters around me were instantly noticed.

"This is going to be a long day" I said.

Chapter 3 by Reagan Henderson



I looked back at the \$500 million worths of gold and sighed. I took the pilots seat and tried to steer the helicopter before it when down. It was harder than it looked, the controls were hard to tell which control was which. The steering wheel control was hard to move.

I went left to right.

Right to left.

Up and Down.

Down and up.

Until I got the hang of it and went searching for a landing place.

The city was big, they surely had to have an airport.

I searched and searched but couldn't find one single airport. All the planes pass New York City.

The people wanting to go to New York City had to get off the plane somewhere close to New York City and drive the rest of the way. I finally got to a place where there was an opening and went in for a landing.

I went down, down, down, and down.

Until I realized I wasn't driving.

The gas had gone out.

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I was gonna crash. Then before I knew it, I was in a car crash and everything went black.

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Chapter 4 by missmystery



I woke up, I think, it was all very blurry I think I was strapped to a stretcher. I heard voices saying to give her the anesthetic. Then It was black.

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